

Dear Ernest -

Your lonely letter made
me very happy as happy as
anything has ever made me -
And I keep it for always and
read it when I feel no account
like most of the time.

The story was yours even
before I wrote all the facts to
you. You were the one & know
it was a story and you were
the one I wrote it for and if
it was at all well written it was

because I was trying to tell it to
you - I've tried writing another and
a good one for some one else.
And it was so good I couldn't
do it so I know - The story
has always been free and is
yours to do with as you like.

I only felt for a time
that you didn't want to use
it and I only wanted you
to be free and I know that I
might be able to do something
with it myself. But my
greatest hope was and is that

Maybe you can use it sometimes.
However I still want you to
feel free now and later to
always say whether you want
it or not and I mean
that - it makes no difference
if you change your mind -
I think I understand a
little of how those things are -

I know I would love
the things you are waiting for
just as I have loved all that
has gone before - You waiting

As he is like all the great
symphonies the more I read
and reread the more ~~the~~ it
gives me and the more I
understand and cherish it becomes almost
a part of me.
With love to you and Pauline
and to Patrick and Gregory too.
Marian

Little Rock
August 30 - 1934